

Warm-up: Revise and Edit

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

I remembered the day like it was yesterday, except it was 60 years. My father, my mother, and I were moving from Texas to Chicago. When we got there, I noticed an old abandoned restaurant right by our new house. It was oddly misplaced, a broken down restaurant in the middle of fresh new buildings. But I just left the idea that it may be haunted alone and we packed. Every night I couldn't, just couldn't, figure out why I could not get some sleep. One night I thought heard a whisper through the wind," Get ouuutttt," it says. I look out the window and I see someone go behind the restaurant and I take my flashlight and go to meet them. But alas, there is no one to be found and I only hear the bustle of the city." Oh well, I assume there's know one here." When I went back in side my mother and father lecture me and ask why I was out so late." I thought I saw someone at the old restuarant," I explain. They both fall over laughing, "that's a lie, my father snickers, I lived here when it closed and saw no one." They both went to bed laughing. I was all but that they take me as being mad and/or crazy. I set out to prove them wrong and when they're asleep I go back to the old restaurant geared up and ready. It takes more than usual effort to open the door, but I get in anyway. I searched all around," Anyone here?" I hear my voice echo all the through the place. All of a sudden I feel a tingling and ran as fast as I could but then when I was running. I felt a sharp pain... Like a merciless twisting. Yes, it was 60 years ago. It was an accident that cost me a leg. And as I look out of the window of the house I grew up in, the old restaurant still there, bringing back that night.